

The news of the death of his sister Elisa<sup>1</sup> also affected him deeply. After a struggle with his feelings, which had nearly overpowered him, he rose, supported himself on Antom-marchi's arm, and regarding him steadfastly, said, "Well, Doctor! you see Elisa has just shown me the way. Death, which seemed to have forgotten my family, has begun to strike it; my turn cannot be far off. What think you ? " — " Your Majesty is in no danger: you are still reserved for some glorious enterprise." — " Ah, Doctor, I have neither strength nor activity nor energy; I am no longer Napoleon. You strive in vain to give me hopes, to recall life ready to expire. Your care can do nothing in spite of fate: it is immovable : there is no appeal from its decisions. The next person of our family who will follow Elisa to the tomb is that great Napoleon who hardly exists, who bends under the yoke, and who still, nevertheless, keeps Europe in alarm. Behold, my good friend, how I look on my situation ! As for me, all is over • I repeat it to you, my days will soon close on this miserable rock." "We returned," says Antommarchi, "into his chamber. Napoleon lay down in bed. ' Close my windows,' he said; 'leave me to myself; I will send for you by and by. What a delightful thing rest is! I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world ! What an alteration ! How I am fallen! I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, am now plunged into a lethargic stupor, so that it requires an effort even to raise my eyelids. I sometimes dictated to four or five secretaries, who wrote as fast as words could be uttered: but then I was NAPOLEON\* — now I am no longer anything. My strength — my faculties forsake me. I do not live — I merely exist.' " <sup>2</sup>

From this period the existence of Napoleon was evidently drawing to a close — his days were counted. Whole hours, and even days, were either passed in gloomy silence or spent in pain, accompanied by distressing coughs, and all the melancholy signs of the approach of death. He made a last effort to ride a few miles round Longwood on the 22d of January,

<sup>1</sup>Elisa (Marianne Elisa) Bonaparte, formerly Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the wife of Bacciochi, died in August, 1820.  
<sup>2</sup>Antommarchi, vol. i. p. 371.